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EASTER CHIMES.

1 Rejoice and be merry, for Christ is arisen,
The Savior has broken the bolts of the prison,
Which held the Redeemer for three days enclosed,
In which after vict'ry the conqueror resposed.

2 Immortal, with light and with beauty surrounded,
Refulgent with glory and splendor unbounded,
A victor triumphant He comes from the grave,
Convincing the doubting, confirming the brave.

Regaining the graces of pristine creation,
Proclaiming "Pax Vobis" to every nation,
He renders this vale of misery once more
A garden of Eden as fair as of yore.

3 The way of salvation once dreary and cheerless
He studded with flowers and diamonds peerless;
Besprinkled with roseate dew from His face,
They glisten in sunshine of newly born grace.

4 Rejoice with the Easter-bells merrily ringing,
Rejoice with the angels triumphantly singing,
For Satan is vanquished and all our vile foes,
Since Christ, their dread victor, in triumph arose.

D. A. B., '98.

IMPRESSIONS FROM "QUO VADIS."

THOUGH the popularity of "Quo Vadis" were not to be accorded to the other novels of Henryk Sienkiewicz, which is not at all unlikely, the Polish novelist will exert much influence on the literary taste of several nations, solely through "Quo Vadis". Considering also that the book reflects the taste of the public at the present time, we have a twofold reason for making a study of this classical novel.

"Quo Vadis" is indeed well worth a second reading. Unlike most other works of fiction, even such as the almost equally popular novel, "The Prisoner of Zenda", which we lay aside after the first reading with a smile, though we cannot help pronouncing it highly entertaining, we close "Quo Vadis" in amazement and exclaim: "A magnificent novel! A wonderfully skillful and correct portrayal of Pagan and Christian life and sentiment! What beauty and power of language! As fascinating as it is instructive. No wonder that this novel is so popular." After such and similar exclamations it occurs to us that we have said something similar after reading other great works. Still we are conscious that no novel, possibly barring "Les Miserables", charmed us so completely as "Quo Vadis", and we ask with wonder, what constitutes its charm?

No doubt, it is the highly graphic and essentially human treatment of life among the early

Christians, together with the strikingly truthful and exact delineation of Roman character. In this lies the chief merit of the work, though the author's power of description and the artistic development of the story, too, are above the ordinary

It strikes us in the first place that the book is intensely realistic. This is at present the first demand upon the novel. Its characters must be life-like; the plot must lie within the realm of the probable; it must put forth new discoveries in the science of psychology; and it must picture the happenings of real life with absolute faithfulness. When we wish the novel to be psychologically realistic, we do not desire the naturalism of the modern French school, which diagnoses the diseases of heart and mind. And in expecting the novel to copy faithfully scenes from actual life, we do not ask for the portrayal of the commonest every-day occurrences or the vile and criminal deeds of the "degenerate" which Zola delights to picture. Such putrid and unaesthetic scenes would serve little purpose. These forms of human misery do not evoke sympathy and may prove contagious.

The realism of Sienkiewicz is of a different sort. He pictures Roman life in a most decadent period, and must describe it as appallingly vile, wicked and extravagant, in order to contrast it with Christian purity, virtue, and simple manner of living, for this is the purpose of "Quo Vadis". To effect this contrast, the author shows us life at the court of Caesar in describing a banquet and a celebration on the pond of Agrippa. Throughout

the rest of the book the baseness of Pagan life is only hinted to, a sign that the author is loath to dwell on it. History says, that Petronius in his admirable farewell letter to Caesar mentioned all the crimes of Caesar circumstantially, and though the letter in "Quo Vadis" purports to be verbatim, it omits to mention the immoralities of Nero,—another sign that the author is not unnecessarily realistic. Now, as much as the two above named scenes may be objectionable in themselves, they are pardonable, because the contrast between Pagan and Christian life could not have been represented as marked and forcible by mere intimation. The mere statement of the fact, for instance, that two batteries were pouring shot and shell into the ranks of a storming company will not make half the impression as a description of the havoc and bloody work thus caused. It is hardly probable that a large part of the popularity of "Quo Vadis" is owing to these two chapters.

No, it is the essentially human treatment of the Christians, which pleases us. We feel that they are represented correctly. Their daily struggles and privations evoke a profound pity and sympathy, and their boundless love toward their fellow-men be they Pagan or Christian, fills us with admiration. Ah! there we see the humanity about which we hear so much nowadays. The Pagan world of Nero's time, though at the height of culture, has none of it; it is cruel, selfish and haughty; but the Christians have humanity true, forgiving, loving, charitable, and active. Here we see that humanity is the beautiful flower and

fruit of religion, and not the product of culture. How clearly do we not behold the workings of the Christian religion in the heart of man. We think only a saint or a great theologian could so describe the wonderfully refining, ennobling, and strengthening influence of religion. We marvel at the power of a firm and childlike faith; it soothes, gladdens and inspires. These early Christians are holy men and women such as even now bloom unnoticed among men. They suffer all the miseries to which man is heir, save sin and crime, but they are immeasurably happy in the fulfilment of their duties, in their faith, and in their love toward one another. They are loving parents, dutiful children, and faithful servants. They hardly feel the sting of poverty, but they have their share of sorrow as much as other people. Some of their relatives remain Pagan, and they must watch unceasingly, lest the polluted atmosphere of the Capital should infect them. Thus Lygia, grown up a Christian under the most virtuous matron, Pomponia, must still struggle against a sensual love which is not sinful but dangerous.

Other Catholic novelists dealing with the early Christians usually omit to reveal these human frailties in Christians, and as a result their characters are less life-like and sympathetic than those of "Quo Vadis". The Christians in "Fabiola" are heroic and possessed of every virtue. Their perfect lives fill us with wonder and awe, but we do not understand them quite as well as St. Peter and Lygia. The Christians in "Quo Vadis," too, are capable of sacrifice; and go to martyrdom

with joy. But their martyrdom is not merely a triumphal entry into the arena; they must endure every imaginable distress and indignity in the dungeons. Their hearts bleed, though they willingly offer themselves to Jesus. We hear the piercing cries of fathers, mothers, sisters, and friends in the catacombs, and St. Peter, instead of exulting over the triumph of his martyred children, and chiding the relatives for their tears, is himself filled with unspeakable sorrow; but his great piety suggests to him beautiful and balmy words of consolation.

Such a portrayal of the early Christians is manifestly faithful. Bulwer-Lytton, one of the greatest bigots that England produced, and, of course, as great an ignoramus as a bigot, represents the early Christians as fanatics. Sienkiewicz only mentions one instance of too much zeal, or rather of too little charity and compassion with human weakness, in the person of Crispus. But the latter is only an ignorant ascetic and comes to recognize his fault. Opposite him we have the magnificent figure of St. Peter, which no one ever drew with such mastery. It is full of majesty and power, instilling measureless veneration and confidence into the beholder. Truth and love issue, as it were, from him. Even Vinicius believes when he hears St. Peter narrate the passion and resurrection of his Master. The author has reason to pride himself on the character of Petronius, but the portrayal of St. Peter is his glory.

The Pagan characters in "Quo Vadis" contrast strongly with their Christian brethren, but

the contrast is not attained by direct comparison. We are shown their manner of living and conclude that while they live and move about as demigods they have lost all sense of justice, pity, and charity, and have retained but a scant remnant of self-respect and devotion to country. Even the poetry of the Roman religion has disappeared; sensualism the most extravagant, sways master and slave. Rome is a hotbed of every vice and crime. The very notions about right and wrong have become confused.

Nero is the embodiment of everything despicable in Rome; Petronius represents the better qualities of the Roman. The figure of Nero has been drawn with as much care as that of Petronius and is just as perfect. Shakespeare invented no more perfect buffoon nor a more whimsical and heartless tyrant. He is the most despicable fool ever conceived; and it is impossible to imagine a more degenerate criminal.

The character of Petronius seems to be generally considered the author's master-piece. I think there are other characters equally perfect, but I admit that that of Petronius is the most difficult to create. The Petronius of "Quo Vadis" is somewhat better than the Petronius Arbiter of history; yet even in him the author tries to be true to history. Petronius is to bear tribute to the Roman power of mind, dignity of bearing, aesthetic sense, and general culture. We admire his marvellously keen intellect, which produces a brilliant turn of thought in a twinkling and grasps the import of an obscure phrase as clearly as the thoughts of Caesar

and his associates. He is still capable of appreciating virtue, but only because it is poetical or tends to make man aesthetic and dignified. He knows of no reason to practice anything that is not agreeable to one's senses. Since he knows all the Pagan gods to be inventions of the poets, he cannot believe in the "new God" of the Christians, though he recognizes Him to be entirely different from the Greek and Roman divinities. He feels that the words of Paul are the truth, but it is not to his liking; his pride, mode of living, and aesthetic sense protest against his acceptance of the religion of humility, brotherly love, and self-denial. His critical knowledge of art and literature ingratiates him with the reader; his letters to Vinicius are models of epistolary style. His self-possession and intrepidity on all occasions, and calmness in the face of death urge us to call him a noble Roman despite his licentious living.

It is hard to find a key to the soul of Vinicius, but we feel that his conversion through profane love is not at all unnatural. It is an illustration of the ennobling influence of pure love, such as that of Lygia, of the charm of virtue, and the homage which a virtuous person exacts. It is almost incomprehensible how a licentious person like Vinicius is capable of a constant love, which demands sacrifices and great exertions. The gradual mutation of a grossly sensual love into a pure and holy one is not the least of the psychological triumphs of Sienkiewicz.

The figure of Chilo is as perfectly wrought as that of Petronius. This satirical, cunning, hypo-

critical, and illogical philosopher is indeed a most contemptible man. He is the very personification of human baseness and treachery, but his miserable life ends in a glorious martyrdom. In this we recognize the inscrutable ways of God's providence. It is brought about by the loving forgiveness of a Christian, whom Chilo has robbed of everything and persecuted all his life, and who is now dying an agonizing death because of his betrayal. The author rightly concludes that even the basest heart cannot resist such goodness.

The artistic conception of the plot is not a small factor in making "Quo Vadis" immensely popular. The terrible suspense, in which the Roman world lived under Nero renders the narrative highly stirring. The jar and clash of the Christian and Pagan elements is a most powerful motive. The love plot, too, is exceptional. At first we witness the display of passion to be found in every novel, but we are later on treated to a novelty. The love of Vinicius does not blind the reason, as is usually the case, but enlightens it in a most wonderful manner.

The style of "Quo Vadis" is of crystal clearness. The author's imagination is indeed rich but not extravagant. He does not let the reader guess at the meaning of a sentence or the import of a chapter, but expresses himself in a direct, elegant diction. Perhaps the only ambiguous phrase in the whole novel is its title, "Quo Vadis". The apparition of our Lord to St. Peter, who is leaving Rome, when these words occur, is merely treated as an incident with little connection with the rest

of the story. It may therefore be supposed that the author addresses the words "Quo Vadis" to modern society, which abandons positive religion and worships at the altar of materialism, sensualism, and refinement.

It is difficult to decide whether the author is more brilliant in the descriptions of Rome, the conflagration, and the scenes in the amphitheatre, or in the charm and eloquence with which persons in "Quo Vadis" converse. The conversations of Chilo with Petronius and Vinicius are superb. The author has an inimitable way of relating the talk of a person in the indirect speech. It is as pleasing as the *oratio obliqua* in Caesar's *Commentarii*. His power of description, too, is marvelous. The account of the burning of Rome is grand. It is written in the style of Victor Hugo's *Waterloo* and is little inferior to it in power and grandeur. But in picturing the scenes in the amphitheatre, he surpasses all earlier efforts. Only a genius could imagine scenes of such horror, ghastly splendor, blood-shed and brutality. The magnificence of the amphitheatre is oppressive; the flow of human blood sickens; the death of the Christians at times fills us with boundless pity, then again with horror, another time with awe and wonder. A description of the end of the world could not have a more overpowering effect. The wrestle of Ursus with the Aurochs is, of course the climax. It is exciting as much on account of the persons, whose fate it will decide, as of the two forces contending against each other.

After such scenes it is almost a balm to see the

deaths of St. Peter and St. Paul. Crowds of their loving children accompany them; the two Apostles are consoled on seeing so many Christians after the terrible persecutions. Christianity is already commencing its reign. In the house of Vinicius we get a glimpse of the Christian family, which tells us that Christianity will make men good and happy.

"Quo Vadis" will be read with profit by the great majority of its readers. The debaucheries of Pagan Rome are revolting in themselves and appear doubly loathsome aside of Christian virtue. They can therefore not have an injurious influence on a man of moral principle, and the simple and exemplary lives of the Christians and the refreshing simplicity of their hearts is indeed more attractive than modern unrest, discontent, and duplicity, and will draw one's soul to a love of the pure and virtuous. Protestant readers must recognize that the Christian Church of Nero's time, which St. Peter ruled so well, is the Catholic Church of today. ARNOLD F. WEYMAN, '97.



WASHINGTON IRVING.

WHEN the Father of American literature was still in all the glory of his virgin trowsers an incident occurred which, though purely adventitious, seems in the light of after-events to have been prophetic. "A young maid-servant," says the biographer, struck with the enthusiasm which everywhere greeted the president's arrival at New York, determined to present the child to his distinguished name-sake. Accordingly, she followed him one morning into a shop and pointing to a lad, said: "Please your honor, here is a bairn that was named after you." Washington did not disdain the delicate affinity and placing his hand on the head of the little child, gave him his blessing.

Irving the Elder was a man of stern religious views, who early made his children believe that "everything pleasant was wicked." However wrong this principle, it certainly benefitted young Irving much, acting as a check on his too ebullient spirits. Like all true men Irving piqued himself on his ancestry. His mother was a most estimable lady, whom Irving loved with all the intensity of his great nature.

Blessed by nature with an inexhaustible store of dashing spirits and armed with Washington's blessing and an excellent home training, Irving effected the intellectual emancipation of his coun-

try, and carved out for himself an enduring place in American literature.

Irving's letters were published by his nephew, Pierre Irving. Composed at random and sometimes in a hurry they of necessity fall short of the author's usual standard of style; for which defect we are more than compensated by the attendant gain in *naivete*. Thoughts filtered through the mind of even the most natural author lose some of their naturalness and toughness of fibre. His remarks on European countries, manners, and people are hit off with a humor and keen appreciation equaled only by their correctness. Here as elsewhere Irving chuses to handle small coin; and, to the credit of his taste, we rejoice at his selection, for his fanciful touch is better suited to it than to more pretentious themes. The letters please particularly by their sprightly flow of spirits, easy tone, telling, some at least, of racy happenings, in which Irving's adventurous bent of mind delighted.

That Irving was a man of moods can plainly be seen from his letters. Laughing faces are by a single stroke changed into pensive ones. Indeed, his whole life is surrounded with a kind of melancholy penumbra. Mrs. Siddons—of whose acting a letter to his brother contains a pen-picture remarkable for the nicety of its appraisement—said on meeting the author of the "Sketch-Book" "You have made me weep," thus marking this as the salient feature of the work. It is a queer coincidence that the two essayists, Lamb and Addison, with whom Irving is most frequent,

ly compared, were both thus afflicted, and that all three remained what we term old bachelors, but what Irving humorously styled "chaste as icicles."

In the letters, if anywhere, we can form an estimate of his lovable, genial, nature; appreciate the joy of those congenial spirits, with whom he loved to mingle, and whose happy lot it was to drink in his rich humor, chastened by a tasteful intellect; to bask in the heart-melting sunshine of eyes that never gleam but in good humor, and to fraternize with him than whom it is hard to conceive of a person more after the heart of a social being.

Up to the few years preceding the appearance of the "Sketch-Book," Irving had not any fixed pursuit in life. He then succeeded in mooring himself; determining to live by his pen. Irving's imagination had long lain fallow, and in consequence the fruit that it now yielded was abundant. A rich vein of humor, relieved of the extravagance that mark his earlier efforts, a keen appreciation of external character, a deep moral feeling, and a sweet under-tone of pathos, handled with Irving's marvelous touch, account for the storm of approval which greeted the "Sketch-Book" in Europe and America.

Irving gives more accurate atmosphere to his scenes than any essayist of our acquaintance. What could be more exact than the tone he gives to the weather-beaten philosopher of the "Angler." I much doubt whether Isaac himself with all his simplicity can impart a more pastoral feeling than does Washington's picture of the soft masses of

sun-shine lying on the velvet-flank English stream with the Angler engaged in the soulful art of Piscator.

The following account of the vagaries of a forest stream finely illustrates his faculty of simile making:

“Some times it would brawl and fret along the ravine in the matted shade of a forest, filling it with murmurs; and after this termagant career would steal forth in the open day with most placid demure face imaginable; as I have seen some pestilent shrew of a house-wife, after filling her home with uproar and ill humor, come dimpling out of doors, swimming and courtesying and smiling upon all the world.”

Originality and propriety were literary virtues held in great repute by Irving. The “Sketch-Book” is more highly polished than any other of his works. It is as typical of Irving at his best as the “Spectator” is of Addison.

Irving made a close approach to that intellectual millennium, which Brander Mathews calls “the language of the people in the mouth of the scholar.” He is almost finical in the selection of his words and phrases. Idiomatic and racy of the soil, they, together with elegant construction, render his style a marvel of grace and clearness.

Hazlitt likens his works to the “pale light reflected from fair Cynthia’s brow,” because it savors so much of Lamb and Addison. Irving has many traits in common with these men, yet his gaiety, though as genial as theirs, is infinitely more sparkling; his mirth freer, retaining withal

every mark of good breeding. The same critic remarks more fairly his seeming ignorance of the fact that the "world do move." Irving views rural life in England much the same as Addison, notwithstanding the lapse of a century had effected a complete change in manners. The fault is not without its excuse.

Irving's fancy never outgrew its long clothes. The child in the nursery is your only true romanticist, as witness the romantic character of all nursery tales. Things and people seen through the mist of the past are invested by children with the charm unseen by the more utilitarian eyes of their elders. Irving was thus favored. Hence, his fault arises from his love of the customs of a happier day, not from a servile or provincial spirit.

It is to be noticed that the two best beloved of American men of letters, Irving in prose and Longfellow in poetry, had similar tastes, and that both are decidedly un-American in their literary out-put. As the ivy clings most fondly to the crumbling castle, so Irving loved the customs of a departed age, and it is not surprising that he turned for the gratification of this liking to those treasuries of legend—the countries of Europe—where every peasant is in some degree a singer of epics, and there is scarcely a hill or a rock or a castle but has a witching interest from its burden of story.

Though Europe supplied him with matter for day-dreams, "America still holds the stronghold of my heart," as he writes to his brother from Paris. The pulse of his patriotism was healthy

enough, but his mind was too great to be bounded by national lines, or to behold with complacency the strutting of his fellow-citizens. They mistook provincialism for progress; and it was Irving's mission to put them in touch with the wider culture of the old world, to interpret to them what they could not understand.

After all, however, we are less impressed by Irving's purely accidental acquirements than by goodness and fine traits of character which find elegant expression in his own words. "If I can by any lucky change in these days of evil, rub out one wrinkle from the brow of care, or beguile the heavy heart of one moment of sorrow—if I can thereby prompt a benevolent view of human nature, and make my reader more in good humor with his fellow-beings and himself, surely, surely, I shall not then have written entirely in vain."

What a noble message was this, and how typical of the man! It is now long since our own Irving in person "rubbed a wrinkle from the brow of care," yet with Horace he may say. "I have raised a monument more enduring than brass," for the floods of contagious cheerfulness that overflowed his heart were not dried up at his death; they were caught up in the receptacle of his works, where they will continue to fulfil the beneficent mission of their author so long as man will laugh and weep, and the English language be spoken.

THOMAS P. TRAVERS, '99.

A COMPARISON.

Poets are classed in two principal divisions, the natural and the artificial. The former is distinguished by a superior mental qualification, by an inventive spirit, and by a fine, unerring taste in the adoption and treatment of his theme. Nature is his delight. All his senses are nicely attuned to its music which he is able to make audible in his measures. He dips his pen in its dewy hues, and his pages bear the fragrance of flowers.

He never attempts to cover disagreeable truth with artificial fineries; he is outspoken. Therefore his works embody a greater merit than those of the artificial poet. He lives not only for his own age, but also for the future, because truth and beauty can never lose their charm. It happens not unfrequently that a nation is enveloped in the mist of popular prejudice and then undervalues the inestimable treasures a genius offers them. Inferior minds dazzle their worshippers by prevailing fashion and superficial beauty. This evidently manifests an unrefined or incorrect taste. The jewel, however, does not value less; years even heighten its worth.

The poet of nature is more pleasing than the poet of the library. Whilst presenting to the mind apt and beautiful figures, he does not overwhelm it with intricate assertions or labored constructions. At the first glance our intellectual angle is but small; but attentive study and earnest

thinking enlarge the horizon so wonderfully and make it so penetrative that we discover in almost every sentence enriching thoughts and in common words hidden beauty. The work of the natural poet resembles very much a lump of gold which possesses malleability to such a degree, that it will cover an immense space if a skillful master acts upon it.

A genius is certainly of rare appearance. The natural poet is unquestionably a genius; hence, we but seldom meet with uncommon and vigorous poetical minds. The ideal poet in modern literature known as "Nature's Oracle and Interpreter," is William Shakespeare. Chaucer, Spencer, and Milton are likewise justly honored with the title of being true to nature.

Doubtless, the two classes of poets do not stand on an equal footing. The works of the natural poet claim a decided and lasting superiority. The passion to please and to obtain influence sways the artificial poet. Concentrating the force of art and fashion upon a certain point, he is, for that time, more successful than the natural poet. But "'Tis not the lip or eye we beauty call, but the joint force and full result of all." The artificial poet is infected, and in no small degree, by the bad exhalation of an uncultured populace. The heavy atmosphere affects the wings of Pegasus and impedes him in his lofty flights.

Though principally guided by fashion and the current opinion, the artificial poet merits great praise. He is a main factor in promoting the progress of a nation. He perfects taste, assists

in reforming manners, creates first an inclination then an enthusiasm for beauty and art. He adapts his works to places and circumstances. Because he follows fashion mostly contrary to his own noble sentiments, his works are greeted with applause. This applause, however, is but short-lived. Even before an age passes away, the work loses its excellence, having been written to accomplish immediate results, by the attainment of which the main spring is bereft of its power. The literary merit remains.

Besides this we become acquainted with men and manners of former ages. This acquaintance is not in a general way, but personal occurrences, existing only during a certain period of time, are related. The natural poet consults but his own nature, and he strikes the correct key; whereas the artificial poet is hampered by rules, confused by his own opinion, and misled by the prevailing notions of the time.

These two classes of poets proceed hand in hand; the one supplies the insufficiencies of the other. To neglect artificial poetry, because it is inferior, and to study natural poets, being the ideal, is radically wrong. A beginner in literature will certainly not be attracted by the volumes of Shakespeare, unless by mere curiosity, nor will he detect much beauty in them; another writer, on the contrary, may entirely captivate him. As it is impossible to ascend a flight of steps in one stride, so we might well interpret minor poets before busying ourselves with the ideal.

VITUS A. SCHUETTE, '99.

SPRING FLOWERS.

Up through the wrinkled and naked earth,
Tenderly sweet, tenderly fair,
Crocuses blossom, snowdrops peep
Shyly, modestly, everywhere.
Pale and purple violets creep,
Filling with sweet perfume the air;
Blue bells nod, and daffodiles stare;
Under the moss the hyacinths sleep,
And dream not of sorrow or care,
Waiting—waiting for Summer's birth.
Deep in each dell and mossy vale
Lifts up the orchid her curious crown;
Lovingly peeps the primrose pale
At the cow-slips, golden, orange, and brown.
The hedges are whitening for May,
Where the fragrant, vagrant dog-rose blushes
And winter has passed away.
When the bind-weed peers through the bushes
All Nature is smiling to-day,
As the breath of the springtime flushes,
As the blushing buds from the apple-trees fall,
And the flaunting stag-flower stately and tall,
With the water-lily, queen of them all
Boom down by the reeds and the rushes.
The hawthorn scatters her petals fair,
The lilac sighs to the sleepy air,
The golden laburnums quiver;
The chestnut spreads out his stately arms
And blossoms over the river,
Bending beneath his leafy charms;
And the waters murmur as they steal by
And west-winds whisper, and south-winds sigh:
Oh, that the springtime could last forever!

I. F. ZIRCHER, '97.

OCEAN POETRY.

POETS are quick to seize upon anything beautiful in nature. Many, as Thompson, Gray, and a host of others, have sung the loveliness of spring. Shelley and Ruskin have been raised to the highest poetical flights by the passing of a cloud. Scott and Tennyson have received their inspirations on contemplating the picturesque ruins and relics of mediaeval times; the one for his charming lays of Scottish minstrelsy, the other for the melodious tales of Arthur. The muse of Wordsworth and of Pope's youthful days loved the company of simple shepherds and artless peasants, singing the innocent charms of pastoral life and the loveliness of nature's secluded spots. Homer and Virgil, Macaulay and Campbell, often tune their lyre to the clang of armor and the martial steps of a victorious army. Others have been transported into the region of song by the terrific forces of nature in action. To not a few of the sacred sons of Apollo the roar of the ocean has been the key-note to their soulful melodies.

After the human heart, nothing in nature is so apt to evoke poetical feelings as the ocean. Every phase and appearance of nature has something in its favor, has the power to call forth some one or other of the diverse emotions or passions of the human soul. The sight of an idyllic landscape, of a meadow studded with parti-colored, odoriferous flowers, of a grove alive with choirs of winged

musicians, fills our hearts with tender emotions of luxury and pleasure. On beholding the colossal mountain peaks, towering to the skies till their dim, distant apexes blend with the very azure, we are led to the contemplation of the uncreated, who erected these gigantic monuments as irrefutable evidences of His unlimited might. A brisk, powerful description of an earthquake, of the outburst of a vulcano expands our hearts with feelings of grandeur and sublime fear. The unbounded regions of a desert land with its monotonous scenery, its everlasting silence, suggests the idea of immensity, of eternity.

But all these emotions are conjointly and more strongly called forth at the contemplation of the ocean-sea. Its very sight must put a feeling soul into a poetical mood. The ocean is like a grand epic poem; all ocean-poetry seems but a prosaic comment on the wonderful original. In whatever state, the ocean is indicative of some poetical requisite. Its very waves, as they are started on one shore and are propelled one by the other even to the opposite coast, are like the rhythm running with similar uniformity through a poem. We discover rhythm and rhyme in its regular ebb and flood. The unfathomed depths with their concealed treasures, with their own creations, known to man or unknown, liken the sea to a magnificent piece of poetry which gratifies the reader's soul with its rich imagination, with a wealth of powerful figures, and a depth of thought unfathomed.

The ocean has sometimes been compared to the life of man, and truly, the comparison is emi-

nently correct and befitting. In its different appearances the sea images a corresponding passion or want of passion in man. The calm, placid ocean, mirroring the azure vault with its innumerable glittering stars in its deep blue waters—how apt a picture of a composed genius, of a great soul, in which all the virtues of Heaven are reflected. And could there be found a stronger figure than that of an infuriated man defying every rule and law and obstacle to give vent to the outbursts of his furious passion compared to the ocean thrown into tumultuous confusion by the raging blasts? Longfellow in “The Sea-Weed”, a delicate piece of ocean-poetry, most aptly compares the storms to the emotions of a poet’s soul:

“So when the storms of wild emotion
Strike the ocean
Of the poet’s soul, ere long
From each cave and rocky fastness,
In its vastness
Floats some fragment of a song.”

The greatest poets of the world have turned to the ocean for inspirations supremely poetical. Many of the ablest singers are at their best when describing or apostrophizing the sea. Consider a sail-ship on mid-ocean at a time of universal calm. What suggestions has this idea given to poets! Southey’s exquisite “Inchcape Rock” is familiar to a student ever so little acquainted with literature:

“No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was still as she could be;
Her sails from heaven received no motion;
Her keel was steady in the ocean.”

Another celebrated passage here deserving of mention is the description of a calm in the "Ancient Mariner", where by employing a slow, dragging movement and a sort of seemingly prosaical repetition, the everlasting monotony is even better expressed:

"Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down;
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea.
Water, water everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink."

These stanzas together with a few others that picture the calm, are among the best and strongest of all Coleridge's poetry. "Meeresstille", a noted little poem of Goethe's, expresses a similar thought in language equally simple and forcible.

The great suggestive power of the ocean is to our knowledge nowhere better expressed than in the following beautiful song of Tennyson:

"Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my heart could utter
The thoughts that arise in me."

Let us look for a moment at the ocean in a rage. There is nothing in nature more terribly sublime. In all the range of the world's literature you certainly find few passages superior or even equal in strength and sublimity to Virgil's well-known description of the storm, when Neptune, seeing all the winds let loose without his permission,

"Prospiciens, summa placidum caput extulit unda."

To speak of the poet of ocean *par excellence*, everyone knows in what exalted terms Byron's tumultuous genius has couched his celebrated "Apostrophe to the Ocean". What a majestic sweep, what a depth and sublimity of thought, what a stormy force of expression, what an ocean-like expanse of idea:

"Roll on, thou dark and deep blue ocean,—roll
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain."

The lord and king of creation with his genius, power, and imaginary greatness is at the utter mercy of the little insignificant wave as soon as he ventures out on the heaving bosom of the frowning ocean:

"The armaments which thunder-strike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake
And monarchs tremble in their capitals;
The oak leviathans whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee and arbiter of war:
These are thy toys, and as the snowy flake,
They melt into the yeast of waves which mar
Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar."

Unchangeable while everything else undergoes transformation or destruction, the ocean reminds us with its thunder-voice of the immensity and eternity of God and of our own changeability and shifting fate.

"Thy shores are empires changed in all save thee
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free."

But the ocean remains what it is and was:

"Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow:
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.
.....Boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of Eternity."

Byron, whose great, impetuous soul was naturally in sympathy with the ocean, loved to contemplate its azure brow, and throughout his restless life felt happy only when borne on its heaving bosom. Other poets again have given us a different view of the ocean. In Swinburne's poems "By the North Sea", we meet with all the gloom and cheerlessness and desolation that the imagination of the poet could conjure up. Standing on the dreary shore, he indulges in musings as melancholy as the sea-winds that sigh about him. After a perusal of Longfellow's "Wreck of the Hesperus" we revolt against the cruel powers that could prepare such a doom for the charming little maiden.

There are few great poets in the English language that have not written some few exquisite lines to the ocean. The Sea Dreams of Tennyson, of Wordsworth, of Shelley, vie in sublimity with the effusions of Shakespeare's ocean-like soul.

But why refer to the world's geniuses, where every one is himself a poet. Every one that ever was on mid-ocean must have experienced all these different sentiments and emotions. No man with a soul in any way alive to feelings of grandeur and sublimity ever crossed the ocean without becoming something like a poet. He may not have penned verses, but he thought poetry, he felt poetry. Thus surrounded on all sides by this main element of everything created, apparently defying every limit of space and time, and short only of the one Eternal and Uncreated, one must exclaim with Montgomery:

“Thou paragon of elemental powers,
Mystery of waters,—never slumbering sea!
Impassioned orator with lips sublime
Whose ways are arguments which prove a God.”

Finally, the ocean is most apt to create and educate poets. This statement is proved by the fact that from time immemorial nations holding close communion with the sea have been known to be highly poetical, while inland tribes have invariably proved to be of a more prosaic bent of mind. Witness to this are, for example, the ancient Hellenic and Italian bards, whose native shores are kissed by the historic Mediterranean waves. Though the descendant of the Teutonic race, on account of his less cheery environment, is naturally less poetic than the inhabitant of the classic countries in the south, he still has reason to boast of his close friendship with the Muses. The great pre-insular Anglo-Saxon epic is ocean poetry: “Beowulf” is inspired by the ocean, as Grendel, the sea-monster, is nothing else than the ravaging sea personified.

More than any other nation the English are known to be a sea-loving people. As England is the “mistress of the Deep”, so the ocean is the mistress of her poets’ affections. And the sentiments of the nation are here best expressed by Tennyson. Though he seldom stirs our souls by descriptions of furious storms on mid-ocean, he delights us by his frequent figures, lovely, pathetic, brilliant, sublime, taken from the ways and workings of the ocean. He stands by the sea-side watching the waves and breakers, and he loves

them as passionately and understands their language as thoroughly as if they were of his own essence. This ardent love for the sea underlies very many of his poems. "Enoch Arden", that noble and truly heroic character, that admirable type of an English sailor, is a beautiful tribute from the patriotism of the poet. His "Sailor Boy" pictures the joys and anxieties, the attraction and repulsion, the enticing beckoning and cruel thread, the prognostication of romantic adventure and stern danger that struggle in the heart of the sea-loving youth. The stirring ballad, "The Revenge", presents to us another type of English sea-men. Its vigorous dashing metre, its mystic element toward the close, its patriotic sentiment is grand like the ocean and worthy of the sea-enamored Englishman.

DIDACUS A. BRACKMANN, '98.



IN ULLAH-LAND.

In fleecy showers the thistle down
Floats on the golden summer haze
Of Ullah-land;
And here the bright skies never fade
But smile adown the flowery maze
Of Ullah-land.
The waters laugh, but never sigh
And flowers bloom, but never fade
In Ullah-land.
Beneath the oaks and starry sky
Is nightly held a fay parade.
In Ullah-land.
The king, his queen, and retinue
Trip lightly through the mossy glades
Of Ullah-land;
They tread the wild-wood avenue
Whose fairy echoes freight the shades
Of Ullah-land.
Where steals the freeest, glancing beam
Dimpling the waters of the dell
'Tis Ullah-land.
And it can smite to silver steam
The tears within the pimpermell
Of Ullah-land.
The pulsing of its limpid lakes
Is mingled with the crickets' croon
In Ullah-land.
And sweet the lilting in the brakes
And bushes where 'tis ever June
In Ullah-land.


T. P. T., '99.

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

PUBLISHED MONTHLY
DURING THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR

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EDITORIALS.

THE sporting clubs have organized and report tolerably fair prospects. We have greeted a few beautiful days of spring, on which out-door practice was begun. The base-ball team will not commence regular training till after Easter, but, by all means, let it be regular. There are not three members in the team that will play satisfactorily without constant practice.

We have each year made as extensive preparations for St. Patrick's and St. Joseph's day as for Commencement. This year, too, we have had much intellectual enjoyment from the programs, but perhaps equally much from the elegant sermon of Father G. Horstman on St. Joseph's day. The reverend speaker culled the lessons from the simple life of St. Joseph with much skill and presented them in a manner at once engaging and impressive. We hope to again have the pleasure of listening to Father Horstman.

Upon reading the article, "Church Music," in our February number, Mr. C. Hemmersbach, our former professor of music, communicated to the writer some of his observations on music in the Catholic churches. Mr. Hemmersbach, who is staying in Vienna, has traveled extensively in America and Europe and has visited a multitude of churches. He makes it a point to secure a place where he can observe the choir, and he reports that their behavior informs him even before service whether the music will be profane or sacred. In a church where the music is profane he almost invariably noticed that the organist and singers conversed with each other as freely as on the stage before a concert. They showed no sign of devotion. But on entering the organ-loft of a church in which sacred music was performed, he always saw the singers kneeling or standing in a devotional attitude, till the organist or the director gave them the sign to take their respective

places, which they did quietly. Mr. Hemmersbach justly thinks that this is significant.

Not unfrequently one meets with the statement of some more or less eminent writer, that the study of grammar tends rather to hamper than to aid the attainment of a good diction. This opinion is surely false. The English language is artificial to such a degree, that even a genius unaided by the rules of grammar could not use it with propriety. Some of our greatest writers indirectly prove this assertion. Inasmuch as writing and speaking well is an art, it is of course necessary to acquire its science, which highly gifted men have determined. It is well known that the more a painter or composer is acquainted with the science of his art the more unrestrained and vigorous will his faculties assert themselves. History records that the literature of a nation attained to eminence as soon as there appeared text-books on grammar. The literature of India had its golden age long before Christ, because the people were fond of the study of grammar.



EXCHANGES.

Keeping in mind the peculiar field of his labor and other difficulties we cannot well withhold our meed of praise from the zealous editor of the *Mission-Indian*. His editorials should receive marked attention from every reader. They go straight to that imaginary, but highly useful spot—the bull's eye.

The initial poem of the *Aloysian* is so happy in expression that we should make its sentiments reciprocal even if a further perusal had not confirmed the resolution. The first editorial is in the nature of an advertisement to the volumes of the *Aloysian* that are to be. One proposition therein contained, that a school-journal should be called a magazine, is held by some of our fellow-exchange-editors to be entirely wrong. But inexperience, like charity, covers up a multitude of sins. Good taste is reflected from every page of the *Aloysian*, with one exception. "Topics of the Times" would be dull enough in any college journal; and in a Quarterly they become less interesting than the preface to an almanac. When the voice of your "rosy baby-mouth" grows lustier, *Aloysian*, we hope you will use it to tell exchanges your opinion of them. A fine healthy ring lingered in our ears for a long time after reading these lines from "L'Envoi:"

"With infant grace she flutters her leaves
With an azone whiff of the mountain breeze

And a spicy odor of evergreen trees
Cling to her gleanings of garnered sheaves
As they trend now north—now south.”

After a long quarantine, occasioned, doubtless, by the fever *jaune*, the *Salve Regina* again puts in an appearance. Under the taking title “Pearls in American Waters” is a kind of an ideal exchange column dealing with only the “heart of literature.” We much admired the excellent tilt of a “Modern Pairs” and the delicate working out of the moral.

The sonnet “Sculptors” in the *Chimes*, we do not hesitate to place among the very finest the year has produced. In truth, the *Chimes* excels all our exchanges in this form of verse. Some of the best things in the *Chimes*—“To a Roman Tear-Flask,” for instance,—are anonymous; a circumstance which we much regret. And O ye gods and little fishes! how did that hoary simile which likens life to a river climb into the *Chimes*’ verse? It is almost as disagreeable as the irrepressible “Hoot, mon” of the uncanny Scot. “In Lesser Arcadie” has a regimen of poems that might justify a more pretentious title. “Bold Miss Buttercup” is a rather quaint little poem telling in swinging verse the strange adventure of a “too previous” buttercup.

Venerable and bewhiskered ex.-man who liveth in the borough yclept Manhattan, we ask thy pardon for scorning thy gray hairs. We never suspected that thou wert so ancient and jolly until the arrival of the April *Xavier*, containing the juicy information. But we found in it the vestige

of old time frankness and forethought that fully confirms thy declaration. After seeing it, we could easily believe thee a twin brother of thy fellow-citizen, Wooter Van Twiller. Over a half column of thy writing is seen this heading: "An Original Pastel." In the "wild, wooly west," only an animal as bowelless as a steam engine and as hide-bound as a mule with a tooth-ache would be guilty of so great a breach of modesty. In thee, however, who disposeth thy patriarchal limbs among thy flocks, and been hand-in-glove with all the great Moguls, it is simply a specimen of Eastern culture and the frankness that obtained when thou wert a boy.

BITS OF CONTEMPORANEOUS THOUGHT.

In the February number of the *Reading Circle Review* we find a biography of Montalembert, the Catholic hero in the French Parliament. It is indeed consoling and refreshing to call to our mind again and again the sterling qualities of Catholic statesmen that took so bold a stand in the fight against religion abroad. The *Review* acquaints us with this great man, showing forth his frankness, courage, independence, and honor that are the basic principles of a statesman. Having read this sketch, we wish to know more about this champion of liberty, and our attention is called to a book, entitled, "Montalembert," by Joseph Walter Wilstach, who gives us a complete idea of the life of this great statesman and orator. The pure

motives that upheld and urged Montalembert on in the public strife and struggle for liberty are above all pointed out to us. We cannot help admiring this man, who fought with undaunted courage against a band of rampant infidels and against the powerful, atheistic press of France. We glory at his triumph, we sympathize with him when defeated. This account of the great statesman will inspire the young with a love of truth and liberty. Would that many more such heroes would take as motto, "God and liberty," as did the Catholic champions of Ireland, France, and Germany.

G. G. H. '97.

In a scholarly essay, "Shall we still Read Greek Tragedy," the author, Mr. Thomas Dwight Goodell in the *Atlantic Monthly* succeeds in convincing us that the study of the Attic drama is no idle task. The article is one which should interest every true lover of literature. In his introduction the author truthfully observes that one reason why these antiquaries of classic lore are ill appreciated is because they are read by the student too ignorant of the language to understand them. Even the learned are inclined to view with disfavor the Attic masterpieces, because they judge the productions of all times and all peoples after Shakespeare. While it is superfluous to compare Sophocles with our William, yet it would be presumption to say that the Greek drama is without merit. After all perhaps the "Attic drama is itself a flower as beautiful as the Elizabethan, which grew after many seasons and in a different soil from seed that the Attic flower let fall." The

merit of tragedy consists neither in elaborateness of plot nor complexity of arrangement but rather in grandeur of the central idea, and perfection of necessary detail. F. T. S. '99.

Walter Lecky's timely article, headed "The Weapon of Fiction against the Church" in the *Catholic World* is interesting and important. The writer holds that fiction is one of the greatest if not the greatest power of the day. That this power is fully realized by "Romophobiacs" is fully illustrated by the following statement of a non-Catholic journalist. "The best weapon with which to fight Rome in America is fiction." Our enemies are well aware that they cannot meet us in a fair controversy, so they try a more insidious plan; viz: "By attacking the Church or rather the leaders of the Church, the priests, whose portraits no matter in what country they are produced, bear the same mint-marks of prejudice and dishonesty." French fiction of the day would have Catholic priests of the very lowest strata of society, as Hugo's priests of Notre Dame are weak-minded simple Abbés of the Constantin type. However, "the enthusiasm which greeted a recent publication of a brace of books dealing with clerical life from the point of the cleric," leads one to hope "that France will again be subdued to that large life once her boast, now a fading remembrance." The priest of the German novel is cunning and full of casuistry. Felix Dahm in his "Last of the Vandals" gives us a portrait of this style in the character of Verus. Italy copies from the French. Mr. Howells writes of Signor Ver

gas, "House by the Medlar Tree" as "one of the most perfect pieces of literature that I know." In his acknowledged masterpiece Signor Vergas portrays a priest as conceived by his school. "Don Giamara is narrow and bigoted, a man of neither education nor piety, indolent and careless in the exercise of his official duties. He is not their father but rather a cunning official." Spanish fiction is degenerating "since the younger followers of Goldas and Perada look to Paris for their inspiration." However, a few first-class novelists, such as Coloma and Bazan give true descriptions of Catholic life and Catholic clergy. Both Spain and Germany have critical tribunals, the most eminent members of which "are dutiful sons of the Church, watching and dethroning the literature that would usurp her sway." Unfortunately their criticisms are never translated with the novels which they criticise. The Hungarian master of fiction patterns his clergy after both French and German ideas; hence Jokai's priests are "clumsy, weak, superstitious, cowardly, shrewd, cunning, ambitious; close to the soil or walking in the skies, as it is necessary to stamp the puppet." America, too, has drawn quite a few of her priest portraits from French fiction. Since "fiction has cornered the century, and no genius is above its adoption," in order to provide a preventative against translations of European filth, the author seconds the pleadings of Dr. Barry for "an international society of well-trained Catholic men of letters, whose task it should be to watch over the movement of literature as a whole, to judge it by Catholic principles, and proclaim its value, no matter where produced.

J. P. B. '00.

SOCIETY NOTES.

A. L. S. When our youthful Aloysians essay to entertain us, we smile in calm gratification of an evening pleasantly spent. In truth, these youngsters are capital entertainers. On Sunday, March the 6th, they presented in the College Hall the three act drama, "The Lost Heir". The scene of this play is laid in Toulouse, France. The play itself, while not abounding in lively acting, is, nevertheless, highly interesting and well adapted to the needs of youthful Thespians.

The hero, Julius, Count of Solar, a boy of tender age, deaf and dumb, is cruelly wronged by his guardian uncle, disowned, and because of his wealth thrown out upon the world as a waif in a distant city. Here the Abbe De L'Epee befriends and educates the lad. Some years later, the boy brought to the scenes of his childhood, recognizes his old home and "thereby hangs a tale". But all ends not here, for it is after great trouble that the avaricious old uncle is compelled by Frauval, Jr., the lawyer, to recognize his nephew as Count of Solar.

In the difficult role of Julius, Count of Solar, Master Ed. Kiely distinguished himself. His pantomime impersonation was very nearly faultless and to the audience very interesting. But no less was expected from Master Edward, who on former occasions has won many laurels.

Master Henry Hoerstmann as Mr. Darlemont

brought out well the villainy of the cruel guardian. His performance was at times overdone and his voice at times rather raspy.

The part of Abbe De L'Epee was performed with credit by Master Holmes Reid. His pronunciation was excellent, modulation fair, and throughout he displayed a freedom and ease pleasing to behold.

In fact, each of the young actors deserves praise. The play was a remarkable success, of which no small portion must be attributed to the energy of Father Bonaventure.

C. L. S. The most noteworthy event of the month was the play, "The Double Triumph", an extended account of which appears in another column. Before the curtain rose, Mr. Thomas Travers, president of the society, delivered a very eloquent address commemorative of the day, the feast of St. Patrick.

ST. JOSEPH'S ACOLYTES. The minims' altar boys association was permanently established February 20th under the name of St. Joseph's Acolytes. The first public appearance of the youthful members was Sunday, March 6th; and the society promises to become a credit to St. Joseph's sanctuary.

MARIAN SODALITY. At their last meeting held Sunday, March 6th the officers of the sodality elected the following as successors to themselves: Pref., Vincent Muinch; First Ass't. Pref., Urban Frenzer; Second Ass't. Pref., Eugene Schweitzer; Sec., John Patrick Burke.

The names of the newly appointed consultors will appear in our next issue.

Solemn reception of members will take place on the first Sunday of May.

MILITARY. The past month was noteworthy as one of activity in the Battalion. Several important changes, rendered expedient by circumstances, have been brought about. A squad has again been organized and placed under the command of the major. Co. B. has been reorganized and will henceforth, with the exception of the officers, be composed entirely of minors. Co. A. comprises such as belong to neither of the above divisions.

The battalion now numbers some seventy members, owing to the advent of so many recruits. Several new swords and many new guns have been ordered.

A new, and to the privates profitable as well as unique feature is to be introduced. Rewards of merit will be given at the close of the school year. Some of these prizes, it is rumored, are medals, which certainly will be an efficient incentive to all privates.


THE GERMANS. The seniors severing all connection with the society have formed the nucleus of a new organization. They have purchased nearly the entire library from the society. Father Clement is moderator of the new society which meets weekly for the purpose of acquiring a thorough knowledge of the German classics.

The ST. BONIFACE SOCIETY has purchased about two hundred song books and will hence-

forth devote some time to the study of the songs of the "Vaterland." Several rehearsals have taken place and with Father Justin at the head of the enterprise success seems certain. Owing to the many changes, the society's constitution is being revised by a committee appointed for that purpose.

VARIA. It is well nigh a certainty that very soon a branch of the League of the Sacred Heart will be established at our college. A petition has been presented to the Rev. Faculty and is now pending a decision.

St. Joseph's has not, it is true, the dignity of age, nor can it be said that it is in its swaddling clothes. It is but proper that we assume the dignity that is ours. We have here three halls, known commonly, certainly with no regard to euphony, as the North side, South side, and Minim Hall. Why not, we would suggest, christen each with some appropriate name, why not, we would ask, add new charms to our Alma Mater and honor some of our many friends or benefactors. F. T. S., '99.



DOUBLE TRIUMPH.

THE students and a few friends from Rensselaer were entertained in the evening of St. Patrick's day by the Columbian Literary Society in their rendition of a drama in two acts, entitled, "The Double Triumph".

The scene of the play is laid first in Rome during the reign of the emperor Trajan, then in the distant east, next in Arabia, and lastly again in Rome under Adrian. Placidus, a Roman general, in a miraculous manner receives the light of faith. Separation from wife and children, combined with the conspiracy of Calphurnius only increased Placidus' confidence in the God of the Christians. After fifteen years he is united with wife and children. At the urgent request of the Roman soldiers, he is again placed at the head of the veteran legions and gains a victory over his enemies. But a greater crown awaited this conqueror and his family. They received their eternal reward in dying for their faith.

The forte of the drama depends upon the scenic effect. In consequence, two new scenes were painted by Mr. Germain Heimburger for the occasion. The representation of the catacombs with the Vicar of Christ consoling the Christians about him and sending blessings and words of encouragement to those of his lambs who were secretly straying among the enemies of his flock, together with the marvelous appearance of Placidus

and the life-size stag, then the grand procession of Christians bearing lighted tapers and chanting psalms, awakened feelings of religious solemnity in the hearts of all present. The tableau with Placidus, his wife and two sons, hanging from the cross and little cherubs, suspended in mid-air, about to place a crown upon each head, whilst grim visaged guards stood watching till death claim its victims, made a lasting impression.

The language throughout is beautiful. There is a visible striving after rhetorical effect at the expense of action. Many of the lengthy descriptions only detract from the merits of the play.

Mr. Daniel Neuschwanger as Placidus, apart from being somewhat too sentimental in his hour of affliction, possessed all the characteristics of a Roman general. In the character of Stella, Mr. Lucas Rausch was easy and graceful. He is all that the Latin word signifies. Mr. Felix Serozynski commanded a beautiful voice and fine stage-presence at all times. Mr. Urban Frenzer, Proculus, very effectively rendered his lengthy paragraphs. Mr. John Steinbrunner in the character of Trajan exhibited the sterling qualities of that emperor, whilst Mr. Placidus Sailer in Adrian displayed the blood-thirsty spirit of a persecutor of the Christians. Mr. John Boeke, as Calphurnius, evoked considerable laughter from the audience by his whining ways. Mr. Ildephonse Rapp, as Sintulus, is deserving of no little praise. To whatever character he is assigned, he implicitly surrenders himself, and from the first moment of his appearance on the stage he commands the

attention of the audience. The minor characters of the play, though some had little, while others had nothing to recite, still in saying their few words well and assuming correct positions and attitudes on the stage considerably added to the success of the drama.

CAST OF CHARCTERS.

Placidus, Roman General.....	Daniel Neuschwanger
Imogen { Sons of Placidus.....	{ Gustave Didier
Farfax, {	{ Pius Kanney
Rufus, Captain of Banner-Guard.....	Felix Seroczynski
Felix, Pope.....	Eulogius Deininger
Adrias, Deacon.....	Didacus Brackmann
Trajan, Emperor.....	John Steinbrunner
Adrian, Emperor.....	Placidus Sailer
Calphurnius, High-Priest.....	John Boeke
Proculus, Governor of Gaul.....	Urban Frenzer
Epicurus, Manager of Baths.....	Herman Fehrenbach
Sintulus, Military Tribune....	Ildephons Rapp
Master, Oriental Planter.....	Edgar Cullen
Messenger.....	John Morris
Stella, Wife of Placidus.....	Lucus Rausch
Slave to Stella.....	Rudolph Stolz
Lictors.....	{ Charles Daniel
	{ Cyril Mohr
Standard Bearers.....	{ Joseph Rumely
	{ Holmes Reid
Soldiers.....	{ Ferdinand Hurst
	{ Hubert Seiferle
	{ Patrick Keyes
	{ Ernest Hefe
Vestal Virgins.....	{ John Riefers
	{ Wm. Arnold
	{ Jos. Mutch
Roman Children.....	{ Carl Hemsteger
	{ Albert Cullen
	{ Louis Dabbelt
	{ Albert Birren
Angels.....	{ Carl Hemsteger
	{ Edward Kiely
	{ Thomas Thienes

V. F. MUINCH, '98.

LOCALS.

Hemsteger says that whenever he gets hungry he goes to the island to get the sand which's there.

Mrs. Hatfield of Indianapolis is at the College visiting her son, who has been ill for some time. We hope the mother's presence will hasten John's recovery.

Ikey (giving instructions after elocution class): One way to obtain an agile body is by using axle-grease.

Mrs. Peelle gladdened her two sons by a short visit, and gave the welcome assurance that she would make another call in the near future.

Students will be glad to learn that Father Mark has regained his former excellent health. They will have occasion to greet him in the class-room after Easter.

"Better to have eaten and lost than never to have eaten at all" was Charley Stritt's philosophy after the pie-race.

Miss Keilmann accompanied her brother Joseph on his return to College.

Continued illness has compelled Mr. Ed. Rumely to abandon his studies for the term. We miss Edward's absence very sorely and hope to see him return healthy and vigorous next fall.

Mrs. Wessel and daughter spent two days at the College, visiting Master J. Wessel.

The last play rendered was Hamlet, owing to the fact that we had ham to let for supper.

Stritt says that the only thing he can get in tune is spit, and that must be in a spit-toon.

Since Father Benedict has been prefect he has procured quite a number of games and other enjoyments for the students.

The students happily succeeded in bringing the celebration of St. Patrick's day in conjunction with the festivities of St. Joseph's by obtaining free on the intervening 18th of March. Their heartiest thanks to the Rev. Rector and faculty.

The class of '99 has very nearly completed translating the orations of Cicero. Ovid's Metamorphoseon will be taken up next.

Not long ago, Mr. V. Krull parodied "The Watch on the Rhine" into a club-song for our Raleigh-men. At its first rendition on St. Joseph's day, the song was greeted with enthusiastic applause, and it has since become highly popular at the College.

It is very remarkable that our duck-hunters have no luck. Even when they come so near as to get a shot, the ducks invariably fall into the river, and are never seen again. Such at least is the report.

Our best: Best cooks, Frey and Boeke; best in literature, Reid; best in health, Wellman, best in telling falsehoods, Ley; best tailor, Schneider; best prophet, Daniel.

The frogs are already emulous twanging their liquid quirks. It is rumored that they will soon have rivals on the capus in the evening. There are to be orgies in the grand-stand.

The thanks of the C. L. S. are due to Messrs. Sauer and Kremer for their sacrificing spirit and skillful work back of the curtains during the presentation of the Double Triumph on St. Patrick's evening.

Base ball enthusiasm has not yet reached a high pitch. Several scrub games have been played, but as the turf is still a little soggy, regular practice is not yet begun.

The few days of fine spring weather has awakened the members of the Junior Tennis Club from their hibernation. They woke up hungry for their sport and at a meeting the following officers were elected: Pres., John Boeke; Sec., John Morris; Treas., H. Meighan; Custodian, John Riefers.

Under the title "Euterpe", Father Justin is making a compilation of a great number of popular German folk-songs. We have no doubt that after the little book will have made its appearance, the members of the St. B. L. S., in whose interest the compilation is made, will often delight us with those beautiful airs of the Germans.

Our Greeks complain that the stirring and patriotic sentences of Demosthenes possess but feeble charms for them. They show themselves very conservative in giving the author their sympathy. The majority of the class, however, concedes to him one poetical merit, more peculiar to ballad epics than to oratory,—a profound and sacred mysteriousness.

The highest class in English literature has recently been busy with the study of Bryant, Irving, and Longfellow. Besides other selections, "Evangeline" was read in the class-room. The same class in elocution has now finished the theoretical part of their study, with the return of spring they commence to have their classes in the College Hall. The hour is spent in exercises of aesthetic physical culture, dramatic reading, and the rehearsing of classic recitations.

Father Benedict's Latin class is at present translating the hymns of the "Roman Hymnal." Though these were sung every Sunday in congregational chant, it is only now after a closer study that they detect and appreciate the profound depth, the exquisite beauty, tenderness, and highly lyrical qualities of many of these sacred songs. The Latin language has indeed produced men eminently worthy of the name of poets beside the Pagan classics.

Credit is due to the Captain of Co. B. for inspiring his soldiers with such true patriotism. No sooner had they learned of the possible war between "Uncle Sam" and Spain, than they transferred one of their cannons on the island in the lake and planted it so as to command the street and the entrances upon the college premises. As long as the gallant soldiers of that company stand by their cannon and as long as peace reigns supreme, we may consider ourselves perfectly safe.

The sacred drama to have been rendered by the German Literary Society on the evening of St. Joseph's day will be presented on the first Tuesday after Easter. A very creditable literary program, consisting of choice selections from the classics of the language, was given instead, and was well received.

The *habituees* of "Carpenter Hall" are evidently a jolly crew. The entertainment given on St. Joseph's day by the presentation of a farce called "The Barber Pards," was a "howling" success. It took the winter kinks out of every one present and even such as looked as cadaverous as Limburger came out of the hall with roses on their cheeks.

The protracted meetings of the Normal students in the dark class-room at the furthest end of the corridor are causing alarm. Reference-

books on international law have been seen passing through their hands. A cloud of war seems hanging over their brows. They are as reticent as a sphinx. Strange enough, one student claims to have heard them speak of apple-cores. Recently, however, Mr. Horst disclosed to a reporter of the COLLEGIAN that they are preparing a written request for permission to play with the Minims.

As appears from the columns of the Wall Paper, the fourth Greek class will soon reach the seaboard ready for the fray, whither they have recently started out in a body. It is likewise reported that Mr. Ersing is acting at the Swift-footed Achilles and is marching seven parasangs ahead of the company, holding in his hands the fillet of the far-darting Apollo on a golden sceptre and crying aloud: "Sons of Dons, beware, having wandered far from the object of our class, we will not return until we find the man that blew up our fame." On the 23d ult. the whole company had the sun on their tight, a circumstance which disclosed the fact that all to a man were flourishing their battle-ax (tobacco in their mouth). The troops find no difficulty in following the troglodytic foot-prints of their leader. While bivouacing, Mr. Deininger sings of arms and the heroes of the class and the never dying resentment of all against Greek which so turned their heads. As they approach the Atlantic greater caution is enjoined upon all, lest by the wads they strew in their way, the route they are taking might be revealed to the enemy.

HONORARY MENTION.

The names of those students that have made an average of 90 per cent or above in all their classes and have not fallen below 90 per cent in conduct and application during the month of February appear in the first column.

The second column contains the names of those that have reached an average of 84 per cent in all their classes with at least 84 per cent in conduct and application.

90 PER CENT OR ABOVE.

T. Brackmann
D. Brackmann
J. Burke
F. Ersing
H. Fehrenbach
A. Flaig
S. Hartmann
L. Huber
X. Jaeger
P. Kanney
S. Kremer
V. Krull
C. Mohr
J. Mutch
D. Neuschwanger
I. Rapp
B. Recker
P. Sailer
T. Sauer
E. Schneider
A. Schuette
V. Schuette
H. Seiferle
J. Seitz
P. Staiert
J. Steinbrunner
T. Travers
C. Uphaus
L. Walther
E. Werling

84 PER CENT OR ABOVE.

W. Arnold
P. Biegel
J. Boeke
L. Dabbelt
C. Daniel
G. Didier
C. Diemer
C. Faist
U. Frenzer
C. Frey
E. Hefeke
C. Hemsteger
L. Hoch
B. Holler
A. Holthaus
O. Holtschneider
W. Hordeman
F. Horst
H. Horstmann
Z. Jaeckle
H. Kavelage
T. Kramer
J. Mayer
J. Meyer
J. Morris
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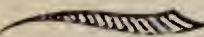
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